read it? In return I'll copy out an old memoir that tumbled out of a box when I was looking for something else, that I wrote Ten years ago about our ~~Lodge~~ doings with Grace Duckworth when we were up to Sneak Virgins. It might amuse you: but it needs copying – such a mess it's in.

Yes, I liked seeing you — You distort ask me — but I tell you on the chaise you have my passion for being assured of small facts like that. I daresay I'm even vainer than you are —

Rota 2.4.43

Fb 5£ 1932

Friday.

I think I dislike them both euqually--
so clumsy--Where musical criticism sideslips--
where musical criticism dxkxx derails-- I think it
a mistake to be colloquial, vernacular, unless you
hit it off exactly y. Why not, simply and dully,
Some fallacies of m. c. 'Failings and fallacies
of the Musical Critic'. 'Where Musical Criti ism
is at fault-?' no I certainly dont like where
musical criticism derails. I leave it at that.
Skids is better. But I think to drop smartness
best of all. About next week--I'm rushed by
person after person ( and then you call me a
hermit!) Every day Im out or have someone here.
Wednesday would be best; if you came latist--say
5.45 or 6. Gwen Raverat has aksed out of the -
blue to come that day, after a years absensce.
She comes to see me alone, I expect, to talk of her
fdifficulties, I suspect; but that should be overr
by 5.45 , and it would be a first rate tonic for
her poor woman to meet you; so I wish youd doome

and talk to her. Really, there is a sympathy betwee you, I believe--shes everything that brave and angualr and honest and downright--a far better character than mine. But not so appealing to the lower sneses, perhaps.

We are off to Rondell this afternoon not that I see much point in it. I shall walk out and find another acre of my view spoilt for ever. And the dogs bark, and then I cant work, and Ive masses upn masses of work to do, after my six weeks holiday. I admit I think its a very good thing, this working. Ive been toiling over Donnes poetry all the morning--with antlike assiduity; for the Common Reader. Are you working? I hope so. Sing me the Jacobite song one of these days.

V

NYPL

Rota 2.4.63

52 T-S. Tuesday. 23 Feb 1932

Lord Ethel, what a silent freak I've been – but I can't describe the rush last week, & the complications: Wd I tell you about the Polish Count, & his invocation to the male organ – for which he, in person & L. is trying to get him out, for which reason I've not had time to buy suspenders: my stocking sag down; nor nibs: I've none left to write with – nor [illegible] – oh nothing: a cab boot became of the Polish Counts male organ Sticking in the Mount of Venus

What can I insert at the moment? Wait a day & I'll
see. Thursday is my last sitting, praise God:
Friday we have Colefax & Walpole. Saturday —
that the only chance: but that threatened at
the moment. But as I say, wait a day.
Let me collect my wits. Also I may have to
rush down to Ham Spray (the Stracheys).
where there is every sort of misery at the moment,
that I can't go into. I repeat, wait till tomorrow:
I can always telephone. And I'm moody & broody:
but my star is inclined to you; Its not that
mood that wrong. Yes I like Maurice B. V.

NYPL

Rota 2.4.49

Friday Feb 26. 1932

I've only got 3 minutes— College 2 Hugh have just gone: I've swallowed dinner: I've got to dress & go to L's mother's party— Good! My mind is dizzy with talk. I can't settle any plans at the moment. There is only, I think, the vaguest thing up tomorrow. I will write or ring up tomorrow. Apologies for this incoherence. And yesterday was awful. Ended the evening in black despair— V.

think I can manage it. But every day till Thursday is useless – I mean if you want an hour alone. There's always somebody coming, except I hope to God on Tuesday when I must sit down over to the tile of MSS. which has leaked at 2 places. If I can't read between 5 & 7 that's what happens – a pile.

Consider Thursday next. & let me know. I could catch a train about 5.30 or 6, & be down for dinner & come up next morning in time to go to Rodmell. So then we could stretch our legs out & talk alone, uninterrupted from about 7 p.m. to about 4 a.m. But now you'll be engaged.

Yrs V.

NYPL

Rota 2.4.43

Sunday 52 T-S. Feb 28th 1932

No dearest Ethel, you cant feel more of a wretch than I do. Perhaps you never did you felt a wretch — I impute my own miseries to you. Lord, lord, what terms wasted in talk last week — talk, talk, talk, & all have perhaps 2 hours & 10 minutes utter waste. When the 10 Jews sat around me solemnly at my mother-in Laws, tears gathered behind my eyes, at the futility & hpe: imagine Eating birthday cake with silent Jews at 11. Pm. But this is to say What if I came to you for the night on Thursday next — that is the 3rd? Can you have me? I

POST CARD

Dame Ethel Smyth

Coign

Woking

NYPL

Rota 2.4.63